*Alb.* The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

*Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.*

*Lear.* Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vſe them ſo,
That heauens vault ſhould cracke: O, ſhe is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: Lend me a looking-glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt and ſtaine the ſtone, ſhe then liues.

*Kent.* Is this the promiſt end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror? *Alb.* Fall and ceaſe.

*Lear.* This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues, if it be ſo, it is a chance that do's redeeme all ſorrowes that euer I haue felt.

*Kent* A my good maſter.

*Lear.* Prethee away.

*Edg.* 'Tis Noble *Kent* your friend.

*Lear.* A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue ſaued her, now ſhees gone for euer: *Cordelia, Cordelia,* ſtay a little. What iſt thou ſayſt? her voice was euer ſoft, gentle & low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the ſlaue that was a hanging thee. *Cap.* 'Tis true my Lords hee did.

*Lear.* Did I not fellow? I ha ſeene the day, that with my biting Fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now, and theſe ſame croſſes ſpoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'th beſt, Ile tell you ſtraight.

*Kent.* If Fortune bragd of two ſhe loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* Are not you *Kent?*

*Kent.* The ſame your ſeruant *Kent*, wher is your ſeruãt *Caius?*

*Lear.* Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel ſtrike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No my good Lord, I am the very man.

*Lear.* Ile ſee that ſtraight.

*Kent.* That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your ſad ſteps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hether.

*Kent.* Nor no man elſe: All's cheereleſſe, darke, and deadly,
Your eldeſt daughters haue fore-doom'd themſelues,

And